

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

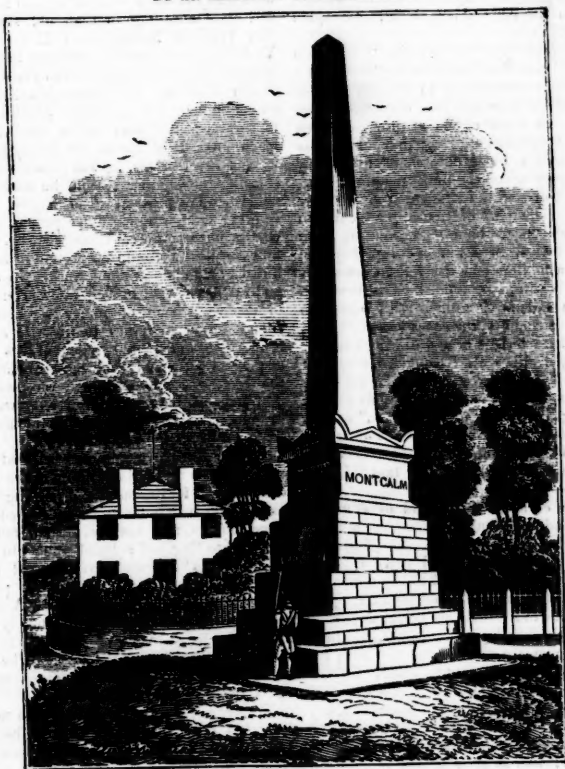
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[PRICE 2d.]

RECENT TOUR IN LOWER CANADA.

BY AN EMIGRANT CORRESPONDENT.



[MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.]

AFTER leaving the happy shores of England in May last, a few days sail brought us in sight of the famed Cheviot hills of Scotland, renowned in song for Chevy Chase: this was beginning a fresh page in life's existence, and would have afforded us, (had time permitted,) a wide field for contemplation. The associations of olden time in faery flitted before us, the warlike Percy, Douglas, or Wallace, had roved those very hills on which we perhaps gazed; but now, alas! of their

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martial renown, or glorious achievements, fame has left but a sorry scroll—

“They live!—but in the tale of other times.”

On some far distant hill, or along the rude cliff, where dashed the wave in its curling pride, a castle reared its tottering tower; or, in the wide chasm of a rock, not far beyond, poured the waterfall in its beauty by moonlight. Unwillingly, when the breeze arose, we left this enchanted isle, to pursue our

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more solitary way. We cleared "Johnny Groat's house," the Orkney and Shetland islands, by night; and in the morning the picturesque western mountains in the distance were all we had left for reflection.

A ship filled with emigrants is, at any time, a good subject for the study of the physiognomist, or the pencil of an Hogarth: all traits of disposition are there depicted, from the giggling clown of a country village, down to the demure face of a Philadelphia quaker.

Forty yards on either side the "good ship Victory," contained boxes in the fashion of a menagerie,—two stories in height, and of sufficient width to hold four reasonably sized people. In these cages, at times, are seen as fine specimens of English character, as ever formed a biographic sketch:—comedy and tragedy strangely link together; harmony and discord are attendants in the same train; in one part of the ship are children crying, and near them pigs grunting their gruff melodies, in anticipation, perhaps, of dinner; a fiddler and a dog-fight occasionally fill up this whimsical scene! The mess-pot, too, of a sailor's Saturday night, brings to recollection some occurrences less ludicrous, though characteristic of a sea-faring life.

As day declines on Saturday, a president is chosen by the jolly crew, who in his office duly keeps "order," as the liquor gaily passes; each sings his song "of other days," or tells a wondrous tale; alternate bursts of laughter, and an occasional chorus, proclaim the merry hearts of the wandering tars. But to proceed:—

On the evening of the 2nd of June, we cleared land, and under favourable weather rapidly advanced on the sea. To give every detail of the passage would prove tedious; but, as time allows, we shall briefly notice the present existing mania for emigration.

Numerous individuals are yearly departing for the British colonies in North America; and it becomes a natural question with the Englishman—what are the grand inducements for such emigration? To the poor man the reason may be very obvious. Many of the wild and woody lands of Upper and Lower Canada are now fast approaching to cultivation; and as each person proceeds in the purchase of government property, naturally a larger number of labourers are required to assist in fertilizing it. That very ingenious writer and man of feeling, the Ettrick Shepherd, a few years ago, in an article on emigration in the *Edinburgh Journal*, thus expressed himself on the interesting subject before us:—"Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity: in some parts of the country, the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the

town of Hawick and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away, and if I were not the very individual I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them."

On board our ship, the *Victory*, to America, were many persons who had been to England, and were returning to their old situations. Mr. William Brown, from Humanby, in Yorkshire, and a cabin passenger in the present voyage, left England seven years ago for Upper Canada. He began his American career under circumstances anything but favourable: 20% was all he landed with, when, by a fit of illness, he nearly lost the whole: nevertheless, he was persevering, and it being the summer season, he readily procured employment at good wages. After working some time for other people, he was enabled to purchase (at Changawushy, twenty miles beyond Toronto,) a portion of land for himself: 200 acres are now in his possession, and his recent visit to England was purposely to receive a sum of money left him by a friend, again to return to his wife and family. He stated that much of his newly acquired land would produce four quarters to the acre, the sale of which was nearly as profitable as in England. No inducement, he said, could persuade him permanently to fix again in his native land.

It is a truth generally known, that some agriculturists in England have thrown up excellent farms for the purpose of settling in Canada; where, having uselessly loitered away some months, they have, with their families, returned to England reduced almost to a farthing. This has undeservedly cast an ill name on the settlements; but the present trifling expense of a person visiting America, ought to induce a man ere he totally gives up everything at home, to take a trip to these parts, and ascertain whether there be anything likely to meet his expectation, or hold out a chance for his final settlement.

Poverty need not cause a poor man to prolong his days in England, where he may fancy his labour ill-required. Thousands of poor families have reached Quebec almost penniless; but such is the kindness of the British government, that agents have long since been employed in the above city, who, on hearing a proper description of character, and their wants, (testified on oath,) invariably relieve them, and procure for them a conveyance to their place of destination.

To Montreal, (a distance of 180 miles from Quebec,) the emigrant usually directs his course, from thence proceeding to Toronto, or Hamilton, at which places, or in their immediate neighbourhoods, he may speedily meet with employment.

Tradesmen, most wanted in these provinces, are wheelwrights, joiners, and butchers; and a tailor's, too, is an excellent trade. A man can procure for making a coat, six dollars. (or thirty shillings,) half as much more as averaged in England. Good salaries are procured, too, by bankers' and merchants' clerks; but literary men, and gentlemen of the medical profession are very little in requisition. The provincial government, in its courts of justice, will not admit the evidence of a qualified practitioner of England, however high he may stand in medical attainments; whilst many of the transatlantic sons of the pill (qualified practitioners!) on our own soil, would be thought as little of as the retailer of one of our village drug-shops. Almost every druggist of Quebec, however, bears the honourable title of M. D. to his name.

To return more immediately to the voyage. On the 19th of June, after seventeen days sailing from the Orkneys, we came in sight of land, to our no small satisfaction; for the continued sameness the traveller experiences in crossing the Atlantic, almost destroys the pleasure he has anticipated in the voyage.

A simple yankee vessel was the only one which bespoke us in the passage; but innumerable shoals of porpoises, bottlenoses, and finners, oftentimes kept company with us—making their appearance usually towards the break or decline of day. On the huge back of a dead finner, (weighing by appearance at least forty tons,) we observed sea-gulls and wild-fowl enjoying a sumptuous and dainty repast. A straggling ice-berg, and, occasionally, a whale spouting in the distance, were likewise seen in this latitude.

One fine day, as we fast approached the gulf of St. Lawrence, a pretty sea-bird, white as drifted snow, hailed our advance, on the wave; we threw it biscuit, and though the pieces were exceedingly small, in an instant it was down upon them. Again and again, it returned with its plaintive cry, and never was pleasure more excited by a being of winged creation:—yes, pretty bird,

"For never did I see
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!"

We had once nearly caught it—yet, still undaunted, it continued its petition:—but now the spoiler came! In a moment, the double report of a gun was heard, and the little stranger, in agony, lay fluttering on the wave. The bird died, and that whole day we mourned for it, as for the departure of a tender friend.

On entering the gulf of St. Lawrence, there is little to strike the attention; but, as you proceed upwards, improvement in scenery progresses. Gaspé is the first village on the rocks to the left; it has a bay which forms an excellent anchorage for ships: fish are caught in great abundance here, one of our lines

frequently producing us two large cod-fish at a time.

Opposite to the shores of Gaspé, is the island of Anticosti, noted for the miserable shipwrecks of the *Granicus* and *Geo. Canning*, which occurred a few years ago; a vivid description of which was given us by Captain Peckett, of "the *Victory*."

The ships in question left Ireland for Quebec in the winter of 18—; they had delivered their cargoes safe at the latter port, and were returning home. Off Anticosti, one of those mists so prevalent and dangerous in these parts, enveloped the vessels; they struck against the rocks and shortly afterwards sunk, the lives of the passengers and crews being miserably prolonged for a more untimely end: fifteen human souls in one ship, besides the crew, and an unknown number in the other, perished on the occasion, a first and second mate having alone survived to tell their melancholy tale! It is said these unfortunate people not only suffered from bears, and other wild animals which infest the island, but bereft of provision

"They spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellows' food!"

The miseries and almost unheard-of privations endured by these wanderers, may forcibly bring to mind the impressive lines of Lord Byron, in the shipwrecked father and son:—

"And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wish'd for shower at length was
come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain."

The island of Anticosti is 120 miles long, and has recently had two lighthouses built upon it, under the direction of the English government.

From this point, the little white houses and churches of the Dutch and Canadian settlers begin on either side to intersperse the declivities of the adjacent shores, and presently Gross Isle is thrown before the voyager.

This island is thirty miles distant from Quebec. The cultivated portion was, until the year 1832, in the possession of a farmer; but a quarantine for ships being established at the above date, it was purchased by government, in whose hands it at present remains. There are regular hospitals in the island; two physicians, two surgeons, a commandant, and a detachment of soldiers. Despatches are forwarded by telegraph from this place to Quebec.

The recent and very able description given of Quebec, by J. McGregor, Esq., (and inserted in No. 820, vol. xxix. of the *Mirror*,) precludes the necessity of our dwelling at any

great length upon it on the present occasion; and as we have delayed describing the frontispiece, we now refer to it.

Wolfe and Montcalm's monument, is situated in the citadel, opposite to Lord Gosford's (the Governor's) gardens; and not, as stated by Mr. McGregor, on the plains of Abraham. There is, however, a smaller column on those plains, which we shall presently notice, marking the site where Wolfe so gloriously fell. But it appears strange that the excellent engraving of Quebec, in the *Mirror*, should actually present the reader with a distant view of the identical obelisk; whilst Mr. McGregor mentions it as being on the plains—a distance of a full mile and a-half from this situation.

The monument commemorating the glorious deeds of Wolfe and Montcalm is built of stone, and was raised in 1827 by voluntary contribution. It boasts of little architectural design, but is nevertheless not ill adapted to the melancholy subject it perpetuates. In a Latin inscription, not the most classic, is inscribed:—

Mortem, Virtus, Commune,
Famam Historia
Monumentum posteritas
dedit.

Hujusce

Monumenti in memoriam virorum illustrium
WOLFE ET MONTCALM,
Fundamentum P. C. Georgius comes de Dalhousie,
In septentrionalis Americæ Partibus
Ad Britannos pertinentibus
Summam rerum administrans
Opus per multos annos prætermisum
(Quid duci egregio convenientius?)

Auctoritate promovens, exemplo stimulans,
Munificentia fovens
Die Novembris XV. à A. D. MDCCCXXXVII.
Georgio IV. Britanniarum rege.

The name of Wolfe is affixed on one side of the monument; on the reverse is that of Montcalm; and a sentinel on guard paces to and fro in the background. We were informed that the house represented in the engraving, is the residence of the worthy lord bishop of Quebec; before it is an excellent garden.

At a mile and a-half from this place, in an inclosure, which once formed part of the plain of Abraham, is a plain, low pillar marking the place where Wolfe, "with his glory around him," conquered, and died. But a few brief years have elapsed since that eventful period; and now over the gory bed of many a brave heart, the wild flower in its simple beauty rears its blooming head. Around such a scene we may painfully mourn:

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?"

"And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!"

Through the iron railing surrounding this pillar, is seen the rock on which Wolfe expired, surrounded by his officers: it has never been disturbed since that sad period; but the foundation stones of the pillar are strongly cemented to its base, in front of which we have attempted to sketch the ball



(Monument to Wolfe, on the Plain of Abraham.)

of a cannon, which has been fastened by lead to the rock; whether it be the spent one which deprived our hero of life, or one gathered from the adjoining plain, we had no chance of ascertaining. The expressive and feeling lines of a young and gifted living poet, are well adapted to the slaughter-field before us:—

Tread lightly here! This spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round;
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages:
Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,
"Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world
contains."—*Thomas Miller.*

The simple taste shown in the structure of this column, and its quaint and well-timed epitaph, are alike commendable to the founder, as appropriate to the dying scene of such a hero:—

"Here died Wolfe, victorious!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of the Annals.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

[We resume our quotations from page 379, with another letter from "the Carnaby Correspondence:" the father is somewhat perplexed by the son's "holiday letter," and sends to the school his brother, a retired boatswain, who reports thereon in the subjoined letter. By the way, other extracts from the *Comic Annual*, with a pair of *Hood Cuts*, and *Tales and Poems from Friendship's Offering*, and the *Forget-me-not*, will be found in the SUPPLEMENT published with the present Number.]

"Dear Brother, I made this place, namely Rumford, yesterday morning about 10 A.M., and immediately bore away to Socrates House, and asked for my nevy,—but you shall have it logged down all fair and square.

"Well, after a haul at the bell, and so forth, I was piloted into a room on the ground tier, by the footman, and a pastry-faced son of a land cook he looked sure enough. Where, as soon as may be, Mrs. Doctor Darby joins company, a tight little body enough, all bobbing up and down with curtseys like the buoy at the Nore, and as oily tongued as any rat in the Greenland Docks. By her own account, she rated a step above Mother to six score of boys, big and little, and every man Jack of them more made of, and set store by, than if they had been parts of her own live stock. All which flummery would go down with you, and the marines, mayhap, but not with old sailors like me. As for dear Bob, she buttered him of both sides, thick and three fold, as the best, sweetest, darlingest, and what not young gentleman of the whole kit, besides finding

out a family likeness between him and his uncle, which if it's any feature at all, is all my eye. Next she inquired after you, the worthiest parent she ever knew, not excepting her own father, whereby I blest my stars you were not within hail; or you would have been flabbergasted in no time, with your eyes running like scappers, and your common senses on their beam ends. At long and last in comes my Nevy himself, as smooth and shining as a new copper; whereby says she, 'I hope you will excuse untidiness, and so forth, because of sending for him just as he stood.' That's how he came no doubt in his Sunday's breeches; besides twiggng the wet soap suds in his ears. 'Here, my sweet love,' she sings out, 'here's your dear kind uncle so good as to come to inquire after your welfare.' So dear Bob heaves ahead, and gets a kiss, not from me tho, and a liquorish lozenge for what she called his nasty hack. Nothing however but a cholice with parched peas, as he owned to afterwards. 'Now then, Nevy,' says I, 'what cheer—how do you like your berth?' when up jumps madam like a scalded cat; and no or yes, I must drink the favour of a glass of Sherry. Rank Cape, John, as ever was shipped. Then Master Robert, bless him, must have a leetle glass too, but provided I approve, and a ration of sweet cake. Whereby says she, 'Now I will leave you to your mutual confidences'—as looked all fair and above board enough, if I had not made out a foot near the door. And in the twinkling of a handspike in sails Dr. Darby himself, with as many scrapes to me as if I was Port Admiral: and as anxious about my old gout,—for I've got an easy shoe for a bunnion—as if he'd been intimate with it in my great-grandfather's time. Well we palavered a bit about the French news, and the weather, and the crops, whatever you like, let alone book learning; but that was not my course, so I ran slap aboard him at once with an ask to see the school. As I looked for, he was took all aback; however Madam wasn't thrown so dead in the wind, but jumped up to the bell tackle, and after a bit of a whisper with the servant we got under weigh for the school; but contrived to land somehow in the kitchen, with a long row of quartern loaves drawn up on a dresser to receive us, like a file of marines. Then Madam begins to spin a long yarn about plain food but plenty of it, for growing youths—dear Bob's very lathy, John, for all that,—and then comes the Doctor's turn to open with a preachment on animal foods, and what will digest, and what won't; tho' for my own part, I never met with any meat but would do it in time, more or less. So by way of clapping a stopper I made bold to remind that time is short tho' life is long, and thereby luffing slap up to my Nevy, 'Bob,' says I, 'what's the vari-

ation of the compass? So Master Bob turns it about abit, and then says he, 'Why it's one leg shorter than t'other.' Which is about as nigh it, Brother as you are to Table Bay! Any how it gave the Doctor a bad fit of coughing, which his wife caught of him as natural as if it had been the hooping sort—at last, says she, 'maybe Master Robert has not progressed yet into navigation.'— 'Maybe not, Ma'am,' says I, 'and so we'll try on another tack—Nevy, what's metaphysics?'— 'Brimstone and Treacle,' says Bob as ready as gunpowder, and the lady looked as satisfied as Bob did—but the Doctor had another bad fit, and good reason why, for there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in its pap. By this time we were going up stairs, but lay-to awhile alongside a garden pump on the landing to have a yarn about dowsing glims, and fire guards, and going the rounds at night; and as dear Bob hung astern, I yawed, and let fly at him again with 'What's religion?'— 'The colic on Sundays,' says he, as smart as you like; tho' what he meant by colic the Old Gentleman knows. However both the Doctor and Madam pulled a pleasant face at him, and looked as pleased as if he had found out the longitude; but that was too fine weather to last, for thinks I, in course he can carry on a little further on that board, so says I, 'Bob, what's the main-top-gallant rule of Christianity?'— 'Six weeks at Christmas,' says he, as bold as brass, from getting encouraged before. So you see, John, he don't know his own persuasion. In course we were all at wry faces again; but the Doctor had the gumption to shove his out of a window, and sing out an order to nobody in the back yard. As for Madam, she shot ahead into the sleeping rooms, where I saw half a hundred of white dimity cots, two warming pans, and nine clothes baskets— Master Robert's berth among the rest. Next we bore away by a long passage to the kitchen again, where two rounds of boiled beef had been put to officer the quartern loaves, and so through the washery and pot-and-pannery into the garden ground, where I came in for as long a yarn about the wholesomeness of fresh vegetables and salads, as if the whole crew of youngsters had been on the books with the scurvy. From the cabbages we got to the flower-beds; and says the Doctor, 'I don't circumscribe, or circumvent, one or t'other; I don't circumvent my pupils to scholastic works, but encourage perusing the book of Nature.'— 'That's very correct, then, Doctor,' said I, 'and my own sentiment exactly. Nevvy, what's Natural Philosophy?'— 'Keeping rabbits,' says Bob; which sounds likely enough, but it's not the thing by sixty degrees. I can't say but I felt the cat's paws coming over my temper; but I kept it under till we fetched

the paddock, to look at the cows; and that brought up another yarn about milk dieting; and says Madam, "when Summer comes, our Doctor is so good as to permit the young gentlemen to make his hay."— 'No doubt alive, Ma'am,' says I; 'saves hands, and good fun too, eh, Nevvy?'— 'What's Agriculture?' However this time dear Bob chose to play sulky, and wouldn't answer good or bad; whereby the Doctor crowds up, with a fresh question. 'Now, then, Master Robert,' says he, pretty sharp, 'I will ask you something you *do* know. What is Algebra,—Al—gebra?'— 'Please sir,' says Bob, 'it's a wild donkey all over stripes.'— 'There's a dear boy!' cries Madam, the more fool she; but old Darby looked as black as thunder at midnight. 'I'm afraid,' says he, letting go the toplifts, as one may say, of his eyebrows; 'I'm afraid there has been a little slackness here with the cat; but, by your leave, sir, and so forth, I will investigate a little into it myself. Now, Master Robert, take a pull at your mental tackle, for I'm going to overhaul your Mathematics:—How do you describe a triangle?'— 'Please sir,' says Bob, 'it's the thing that tingle-tangle to the big drum.' Well, there was the devil to pay again, and no pitch hot! Old Darby looked as if he meant either to drop down dead on the spot of apoplexy, or to murder dear Bob. * * Then came my turn, so I asked who was the discoverer of America? and may I never break biscuit again, if he didn't say 'Yankee Doodle!' Well, to cut off the end of a long yarn, * * I prepared a broadside, with a volley of oaths to it, by way of small arms; but before I could well bring it to bear, the Doctor hauls out his watch, and says he, 'it's extremely bad luck, but there's a voting this morning for a parish beedle, and I make a point not to let my private duties get to windward of my public ones.' So saying, with a half-and-half sort of a bow to me, he cut and run; Madam getting athwart hawse so as to cover his getting off. In course it was no use to waste speech upon her; but I made bold to d—n the whole covey of under-masters, in the lump, as a set of the shark-ingest, logger-headed, flute-playing, skulking, lubberly sons of grinning weavers and tailors that ever broke bread. So the finish over all is, that I took my nevvy away, traps and all."

Anecdote Gallery.

TALK ABOUT RIDING.
(By Captain Canter, A. M.)

Or the Guachos of the Pampas, we derive the most exact and curious information from the galloping Sir Francis Head, who made

an equestrian excursion across those vast and isolated regions. The Guachos, a race of hunters of Spanish origin, and a few tribes of Indians, are, it is well known, the only inhabitants of the Pampas. They subsist exclusively by hunting, and knowing none of the refinements and comforts of civilization, are perfectly content without them. The Guacho has a high sense of the dignity of his nature. Like the Indian, he is far too proud to labour, and thinks himself born to roam his native country, borne by the swiftest steeds, and displaying his prowess in conflicts with the lion, the tiger, and wild bull. I can easily imagine that this galloping life may grow to be intensely exciting and pleasurable even to the son of the city, born in the midst of luxury and ease. An European renegade, who forsook his country for the sands of Arabia, was known to describe his feelings while galloping alone across the desert, as rapturous. Well may the Guacho boast of his existence. He has no servants to overlook, no humiliation to submit to, and no notes to pay. Cradled in a bullock's hide, his earliest plaything is a knife, and at four years his glory is the saddle. At that tender age, when the children of the city are just beginning to drive hoop, the juvenile Guacho, mounted on a fiery steed, drives the horses to the corral. Accustomed to endure every change of weather, taking constant exercise, and living exclusively on beef and water, the Guacho grows to manhood with a frame of iron. Give him a warm cloak, a hard saddle, and sharp spurs, and he is satisfied. What if his hat be full of holes, and what if a horse's skull supplies the place of a chair, he eats, drinks, loves, and sleeps, and rides, the laughing philosopher of the Pampas. Captain Head, who tried this life, rode one hundred and fifty-three miles in fourteen hours. Pretty well for a Londoner. But it was beef and water that enabled him to do it. Let the captain speak for himself.

"The most independent way of travelling is without baggage, and without an attendant. In this case the traveller starts from Buenos Ayres or Mendoza, with a Guacho, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground, on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provisions, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water. It is, of course, a hard life; but is so delightfully independent, and, if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it, unless he is in good health and condition. When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a

carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours, was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day."

If report speaketh true, Richard Turpin in the last century was as hard a rider as a Guacho of the present. I have since derived from a full believer some further particulars of his almost incredible ride from London to York in a single night. I chanced in the course of a recent ride, to stumble upon an ancient tavern, in a Dutch village on the shore of Long Island, not many miles from the city of New York. It was a house after my own heart: an old, venerable building, with the comfort and strength of a castle and the greyness of a ruin, built of rough discoloured stone, and having a weather-beaten roof, the dark brown of which was relieved here and there by patches of green moss. Its huge, old-fashioned entry was large enough for a ball-room, and had a wainscot curiously panelled. The plain white-washed walls were graced with sundry line-engravings sadly dimmed by smoke inclosed in black frames. The subjects of the pictures were ill-assorted and out of place. There were "The Lass of Richmond-hill," and "Breaking Cover," "Martyrdom of St. Peter," and "Assassination of Morat." Most conspicuous was a portrait of General Washington, coloured by the landlord's son, a boy of nine, who, with the taste and judgment of his age, had given the hero a fiery vermilion face, and finished him off with a scarlet coat all covered with gold lace. At the end of the entry was a huge staircase with massive balustrades and twisted bannisters, many-angled and abounding in landing-places, with broad steps, covered with well-worn carpeting, pinioned to its place by tarnished brass rods. I had been shown into the best room, an honour accorded to the gloss of a new black coat and the matchless radiance of a pair of high heeled boots. The best room was, I expected, from the hall. I could have described it accurately without entering or seeing it. I was furnished with a rag carpet, and seven or eight high-backed mahogany chairs, a little oval looking-glass, the frame of which was sadly tarnished, and the vast fire place was encircled with crockery tiles

presenting scenes from scripture—the Prodigal Son and the History of Joseph. On the hearth stood a great china pitcher filled with oak-leaves and asparagus tops. On the mantel-piece were ranged some specimens of spar, a curious shell or two, and a pair of Paris-plaster vases containing some wax fruit. Over this hung little black shade profiles of the landlord's family, done by an itinerant artist, who cut them by a machine, whence all the heads looked wonderfully like each other. Over the dining-table hung an engraving, somewhat better executed than those in the hall. It represented two horsemen, facing each other in different attitudes. One, a bold, dashing, gentlemanly fellow, was seated on a horse, pictured in the act of rearing upright. The second horseman, stretching over the neck of his nag, appeared in the act of discharging a pistol. A mounted man in livery was a little in the rear. What historical event this was intended to commemorate, I could not possibly conjecture, and resolved before I left the house, to inquire its meaning. After smoking a few cigars, (I beg the reader's pardon,) I called for my horse, when I beheld the sun on the very verge of the horizon. Medora, "my own Medora," was brought to the door by an old hostler, with a pipe in his mouth. I knew him to be a Yorkshireman before he spoke, by the peculiar dress he wore. That white felt hat, with the flexible brim, and faulty crown, that "hoddin-grey" vest, those buckskin necessities and white-topped boots could only have come from the West Riding.

"Did she drink her water?"

"Yez, zur, and took her oats koin'dly."

"Pray, my friend, do you know what that picture in the parlour represents?"

"What, zur, the one wi' the men and horses?"

"The same."

"Woy, sir, that be the robbery of Captain Stanley, in 17—and—I forget the year."

"Who robbed him?" asked I, carelessly.

"Richard Turpin, the great Yorkshire highwayman," responded the hostler, raising his limber hat from his brow, as one is apt to do, when a celebrated man is mentioned.

"Ha! then you've heard of him!" cried I.

"Heard of him, zur, to be zure, I'se Yorkshire."

"Can you tell me the particulars of this robbery?"

"Zure can I, zur. Ye zee, Dick Turpin woir a verry great man upon the road: and in many a bitter bad scrape his neck was saved by the speed of his black mare. Well, he heard, once upon a time, that Captain Stanley, of the Horseguards, was

coomin' out from Lunnun town a horseback and going to cross Hounslow Heath at such a time in the evening. A countryman who was a crossing the heath to go to the next town met Richard Turpin on the heath. Soa, Turpin tells him to stop, and axes him if he war a-going to the King's Arms, because he had a bit of a letter to send by him to a gentleman there. When the countryman agreed to take it, Turpin whipped out an inkhorn, pen and paper, and writes a note upon the pummel of the saddle. They say, for true, that the note ran thus:

"Hounslow Heath, 17—.

"CAPTAIN STANLEY: Sir—I have heard that it is your intention to cross the heath this evening. Now, I have been waiting for you several hours, and I know this information will rather hasten than retard your coming, because I am sure that a man of your gallantry will not hesitate to encounter danger, being well aware, as you must be, that your refusal to give me an honourable meeting will subject me to the unpleasant necessity of posting you as a coward."

TURPIN."

"Well, zur, the countryman made the best of his way to the King's Arms, where he left the letter at the bar. It war brought in to Captain Stanley wi' the dessert. When the captain read it, he were in a bit of a quandary. So he showed the letter to the landlord, and the landlord advised him not to goa. 'Not go!' says Captain Stanley, 'then the rascal swears to post me as a coward. How my friends will scorn me if they know that I am deterred from crossing the heath by the fear of a highwayman!' A wilful man must ha' his own way, the saying is: and so the captain started so grand on his big horse, wi' zarwant following behind 'un, on a decentish kind of a hack. When they got to the middle of the heath, zure enough, there were Dick Turpin, sitting on his mare, like a marble statue. So soon as he saw the captain, he pulled off his hat, and said, 'Captain Stanley, your obedient. But captain,' says he, 'I don't think it quite fair to bring another person with you. So unless you order your sarvant to draw back, I shall take the liberty of shooting the fellow through the head.' Upon this the sarvant drew back of his own accord. 'Captain, it's your fire,' says Dick Turpin. So the captain whips out his pistol and takes haim at Dick Turpin. But as soon as ever Dick sees the muscle of the pistol pointing at him, he makes Black Bess caper and rear soa, the captain couldn't take a correct haim. 'Bang!' went the captain's pistol. 'Thank'ee,' says Dick Turpin, firing into the air. 'Bang!' went the captain's second pistol. 'To the devil with the rascally things,' says the captain throwing his pistols away. Then Turpin, ye zee, rides up to him, and says, 'Captain, I wouldn't take any money from you if I wasn't in absolute need of it. As

it is, I will only accept of a loan of thirty guineas. It is a sufficient reward to have fought with Captain Stanley.'—'You're a brave fellow,' says the captain. 'Here are thirty guineas—I wish they were more, with all my heart.' Here the zavant rode up, wi' a silver watch in his hand as big as a turnip. 'Captain Turpin,' said he, 'I've got nothing but this watch.' But Turpin, instead of taking the watch, said, 'Fellow here's a crown for you.' Well, zur, in one week after, a letter came to Captain Stanley at York, inclosing a draft on a merchant for thirty guineas, wi' the thanks o' Richard Turpin."

"Why," said I, "he was the prince of highwaymen, and worthy of the mare he rode."

"Did you ever hear, zur," asked the hostler, "that before she died, she war as white as the driven snow!"

"No," said I, "I never heard of that fab."

"It's true as the Bible," replied the hostler.

I sprang upon Medora, and dropped a gratuity into the Yorkshireman's hand; but I was not thus quit of him, for, astonished at the magnitude of the donation, he thought himself in duty bound to repay me by some "more last words."

"Did your honour ever hear of Nevison?"

"Never," said I, gathering my reins together.

"Oh! he had a famous mare, quite equal to Dick Turpin's. He was caught, tried at York 'sises, and condemned to death. While he war in York Castle, a gentleman wanted to buy Nevison's mare, and Nevison was permitted to mount her in the courtyard, and show her off a bit. There was a wall all round the place, full ten feet high. Well, Nevison walked her, and trotted her, and racked her, and cantered, and galloped her. All the while he kept edging, edging close to the wall. All at once he exclaimed, 'Take it!' and the mare cleared the ten foot wall, striking the top stone, which was loose and tumbling it down after her. The people in the courtyard heard a shout, as loud and clear as the sound of a trumpet, and they knew that the highwayman had escaped. They had the stone replaced, and they got a hinscription there—I've seen it myself—*THIS HERE IS NEVISON'S LEAP.*"—*New-York Mirror.*

The Public Journals.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS IN LONDON EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

THE sensation created in London by that which has now become no ordinary spec-

tacle,—two public executions in the course of the last few months,—naturally leads the observant mind to contemplate the march of intellect in this great metropolis, with respect to the shedding of human blood by judicial authority. It may be interesting to the general reader to lay before him the reflections thus suggested, together with some curious and minute descriptions of scenes witnessed within the last century.

The practice of *Sus per Col*, as described in legal abbreviations, or hanging, is the only mode of putting to death ("pressing to death") known to the law of England for all felonies short of high or petty treason. In cases of conspiracy against the state, traitors of rank were indulged with the privilege of being beheaded; but meaner offenders, besides other inflictions, were to suffer on the gallows. This distinction necessarily caused the punishment to be regarded as very ungentle, if an expression of levity may be allowed; and, in consequence, no respectable person, or, at any rate, only here and there one, would choose to be hanged. Earl Ferrers, who was convicted of the murder of his steward in the reign of George the Second, petitioned that he might die by the axe. This was refused. "He has done," said the old king, "de act of de bail man, and he shall die de death of de bad man." The feeling of the monarch was good, but it was rather odd that a king should seem to think the punishment of treason, called by judges "the highest crime known to the law," an ennobling indulgence which ought not to be extended to a simple murderer.

One luxury, however, Lord Ferrers is reported to have secured for the last hour of his life,—a silken rope; but a more important deviation from the common mode, so far as abridgment of bodily pain is concerned, was made on that occasion, for then it was that what is now familiarly called the "drop" was first used. Till that period, to draw a cart from beneath the culprit, or to throw him from a ladder by turning it round, after he had ascended to a certain height for the halter to be adjusted, had been the practice; but for the wretched peer a scaffold was prepared, part of the floor of which was raised eighteen inches above the rest, which, on the signal of death being given, became flat. The contrivance, however, did not very well succeed, according to the narrative left us by Lord Orford.*

The contrivance above described has caused the cart to fall into general disuse on such occasions. The change, however, was not suddenly effected. For many years after the death of Lord Ferrers, the triangular gallows at Tyburn maintained its ground, and, on execution-days, the cart passed from Newgate up Giltspur-street, and through Smithfield to

* For the details, see *Mirror*, vol. xxii., p. 155.

Cow-lane; Skinner-street had not then been built, and the crooked lane which turned down by St. Sepulchre's church, as well as Ozier-lane, did not offer sufficient width to admit of the cavalcade passing by either of them with convenience to Holborn-hill.

For centuries the prevailing opinion had been, that executions ought to take place at a distance from the crowded part of the city. Anciently malefactors were put to death at *The Elms* in Smithfield, or rather between Smithfield and Turnmill-street. But when the houses had increased, so as to encroach on the space which had long been kept open there, it was thought expedient to carry those appointed to die, farther off; and a spot was fixed upon, which received the name of Tyburn, near the beginning of Tottenham-court-road.* When Holborn had been built up to St. Giles's, a farther removal was deemed necessary, and these tragic scenes were carried from one end of Oxford-street to the other,—from the beginning of Tottenham-court-road to the Tyburn of the present day.

But at length, in the reign of George the Third, it was judged better to abandon the parade so long kept up, and to execute the sentence of death in the immediate vicinity of Newgate. This alteration, though many reasons may be urged in its favour, was not universally approved. There were those who apprehended that, in a constitutional point of view, it was dangerous to abate the publicity which had so long attached to the consummation of the last severity of the law. Mr. Horne Tooke was of the number. To hang a felon at the door of his prison, he considered, "the next thing to putting him to death within the walls," and directly approximating towards secret executions.

By degrees, however, the public mind got perfectly reconciled to the change. Much expense and confusion were spared; and the idle were no longer indulged in a disgusting holiday, to witness a spectacle in but too many instances known to produce anything but the impression which might have been desired. The rabble went to the mournful scene as to a public entertainment. The procession to Tyburn, with the prayers and other ceremonies there, occupied a large portion of the day, which many of the spectators closed in dissipation, outrage, and robbery.

* This fact is not generally known; but a singular proof of the correctness of the above statement has recently been furnished. Within the last three months, the ground having been opened for the common sewer opposite Meux's brewhouse, by the end of Oxford-street, eight or ten, or more, skeletons were discovered. They were supposed to be the remains of suicides, who had been buried there, in the cross roads, under the old law against *felo de se*. One or two of them had perhaps committed self-destruction; but so many could hardly have been collected by the same net in one spot. It is much more probable that the bones there found were those of malefactors, who after execution had been interred under the gallows on which they suffered.

Instead of carrying the condemned three miles, and executing the culprits from a cart, an apparatus was now erected close to Newgate; and the awful ceremony, no longer made the business of many hours, was regularly performed at eight o'clock in the morning, and every vestige of the deplorable scene put away between nine and ten. Some of the first executions witnessed at Newgate were most unlike those which have been seen of late years, even before the late king ascended the throne. Not fewer than eighteen or twenty persons were conducted to the scaffold on the same day; and the gallows originally set up in the Old Bailey was so contrived that three cross-beams could be used, and the sufferers were, by this contrivance, disposed in as many rows.

By degrees these spectacles grew less frequent, and the numbers hurried into eternity on each occasion were fewer. The execution of five or six persons on one day became an uncommon sight, and seldom more than two or three suffered together.

This comparatively small sacrifice of life did not make the Old Bailey less attractive on a hanging-day than Tyburn had formerly been, though the rabble were constantly dismissed shortly after the clock struck nine.

Subsequent to the period of which I have been speaking, an idea was entertained of recurring to the old mode of execution; at least it was revived on one occasion. A triangular gallows was made, and sockets were inserted in the road, opposite Green-arbour-court, to receive the supporting posts. On this, Anne Hurle, convicted of forgery, and a male culprit, were put to death, about thirty years ago. The criminals were brought out at the Felon's-door in a cart, and carried to the upper end of the Old Bailey. There, after the necessary preparations, the ordinary took his leave. The executioner urged the horse forward, and the vehicle was drawn from under the feet of the criminals. The motion caused them to swing backwards and forwards; but this was speedily stopped by the hangman, who leaped from the cart for the purpose. It appeared to the spectators that the victims suffered more than they would have done if executed from the drop. This was probably represented to the city authorities, for the latter method of carrying the law into effect was promptly restored.

It was formerly the usage, when a crime of remarkable atrocity had been committed, to execute the offender near the scene of his guilt. The minds then exercised on these painful subjects judged that a salutary horror would be inspired by the example so afforded, and that localities once dangerous would thus be rendered comparatively secure. Those who were punished capitally for the riots of 1780 suffered in various parts of the town; and, in the year 1790, two incendiaries were

hanged in Aldersgate-street, at the eastern end of Long-lane. Since that period there have been few executions in London except in front of Newgate. The last deviation from the regular course was in the case of a sailor named Cashman, who suffered death about the year 1817, in Skinner-street, opposite the house of a gunsmith whose shop he had been concerned in plundering. The gunsmith was anxious that this should not be; but his voice was overruled, and the criminal was carried in a cart to the scaffold. It was then, it should seem, supposed that an awful warning would be given to the dissolute in Skinner-street, which would be in a great measure lost if the executioner performed his work at a distance of some forty yards from the scene of depredation.

Time, which alters everything, effected a remarkable change in this respect; and, however appalling the guilt of the condemned, it was at length presumed to be adequately visited by death in the Old Bailey. When the fiend-like Burkers were brought to justice, they were sent to their account at the usual place of execution. To mark horror for their crime, or to arrest its progress in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, it was not thought necessary to erect the gallows in Nova Scotia Gardens.

In the course of the rambling thoughts and recollections here brought together, it has been shown that various alterations have from time to time been made; and one, not the least remarkable, has recently been brought under public notice. Formerly it was usual for the recorder to report the cases of those sentenced at one Old Bailey sessions, to the king in council after the next ensuing sessions. It however not unfrequently happened that, through negligence, or perhaps from a feeling of commiseration for those to whom it must bring death, the report was postponed, till the cases of several sessions remained in arrear. In those days loud were the complaints on the subject of the evil consequences of the delay. The grand argument against it was, that the long interval which separated punishment from crime caused the latter to be forgotten by the public, and the violator of the law was in consequence regarded with sympathy to which he had no just claim: the wrong, the violence which he had perpetrated, were almost wholly lost sight of; and thus the lesson, that an ignominious death would promptly requite a fearful crime, was feebly impressed on the minds of the pitying spectators. Such was the notion when executions followed at some considerable distance from conviction, and the superior efficacy of the course taken with regard to murders was often referred to as being directly in point. Now, this is changed; death for robbery or forgery is hardly known, and he who is sentenced to die for hurrying

a fellow-creature out of existence, has five or six weeks allowed him to prepare for eternity. In noticing the change, I do not mean to censure it. Time will show whether the course now taken is followed by an increase of homicide: as yet it is too early to pronounce an opinion; but no suspicion of the sort up to the present moment has been entertained.

One strange practice was common to all executions at Newgate: a number of persons were "rubbed for wens," as it was called. Men, women, and children afflicted with them were introduced within the body of the vehicle of death, and elevated so as to be seen by the populace, within a few minutes after the convicts had been turned off. The patients were then indulged with a choice of the individual culprit, from those who had suffered, whose touch was to be applied to the part affected. The hands of the corpse selected were untied by the executioner, and gently moved backwards and forwards for about two minutes, which was supposed sufficient to effect a cure. This custom has now ceased; it was abolished as a piece of contemptible superstition, the continuance of which it would be disgraceful to permit. The executioner was deprived of this lucrative part of his business, without receiving for it any public compensation.

Abridged from Bentley's Miscellany.

PIC-NICS.

(From the Quarterly Review, last published.)

Age is a ticklish topic, and our sentiments regarding it depend upon and vary with our years. "Good Heavens, mamma, you wouldn't marry me to an old man of thirty!" exclaims the Miss in one of Vanburgh's comedies, and we incline to think that most misses in their teens would sympathize with her; yet Madame Sophie Gay asserts, we presume from her own experience, that a man of fifty-two is more formidable than at any other age, and we could name some women besides Ninon who have fascinated from sixteen to sixty. But this is a privilege confined to married women and unmarried men. Indeed, there is no such thing as an old maid to be seen in French and Italian society: a woman prudently takes refuge in a convent when she despairs of finding a *partie*: or, as was said of the Duchesse de Longueville, *elle se sauve sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer*. In England there exists no such imperative necessity; and there are living instances of unmarried women arrived at or past a certain age (that most uncertain age of all) filling a brilliant position in society; but still the general rule holds good, and we earnestly recommend all young ladies who wish to shine in the *salon* to get married with all possible dispatch. The principle is partially

indicated in Mrs. Norton's clever and amusing novel of *Woman's Reward*. "Pooh! my dear fellow," said Lord Haslingden to a young captain in the Blues, who was professing his dislike of girls and his preference for the society of young married women, "a young married woman is only a girl who belongs to somebody else." Lord Byron is more explicit:—

"However, I still think, with all due deference To the fair single part of the creation, That married ladies should preserve the preference : In tête-à-tête or general conversation ; Because they know the world, and are at ease, And being natural, naturally please."

Dinner Hours.—In Germany, the dinner hour is generally one. In Italy, it is five; in Paris, six; in London, half-past seven or eight. It is the custom to rail in good set terms against the prevalent fashion in this particular; but with little reason, for it is hardly possible to give oneself up to the full enjoyment of a convivial meeting until the business of the day has been despatched, and it should be remembered that, when people dine early, they require suppers, which are equally injurious to health. There is another reason during the summer months. Women unconsciously betray a consciousness that daylight is unfavourable to charms which have undergone a course of London balls, or are no longer in the first freshness of youth, and can seldom be got to present themselves in a drawing-room before eight. The latest dinner-giver in our recollection was Mr. Wellesley Pole, whose ordinary hour was "a liberal nine" for eleven. It was the late Lord Londonderry, we believe, who was observed setting forth for his morning ride by the party assembled in his drawing-room—but the story is told of several. The most unpunctual persons ever known were two brothers, known time immemorial in the place-holding world. The late Lord Dudley used to say of them, that, if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you would have Charles on Thursday at eight.

Precedence.—A foreign diplomatist, formerly attached to an embassy in America, relates that at a dinner given by one of the secretaries of state, the members of the government not merely took precedence of the foreign ministers without hesitation, but fairly got jammed in the passage from their excessive eagerness to get the start of one another. British descent is not unfrequently appealed to in default of other titles. An officer of high standing in the English navy assures us that he once saw a Miss Malcolm rush before a Miss Lennox, and exclaim—"Miss Lennox, I wonder at you—the Malcolms are of the blood-royal of Scotland."

Beer.—In one of Lord Mulgrave's novels a gallant attempt is made to disabuse the public as to beer. "Is not that a fashion-

able novelist opposite?" says an exquisite; "well, I'll astonish the fellow;—here, bring me a glass of table beer."

Olives.—Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being then *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose.

Carving.—A German writer, one Dr. Franz Kottenkamp, in a recent work on England, asserts that it is considered a breach of delicacy for a lady to offer or ask for the leg; and a German critic gravely confirms his countryman's statement by adding that, at the fêtes of our highest aristocracy, no part of the chicken but the wing is placed upon the table—which was actually the case at the celebrated entertainment at Boyle Farm.

Tablecloths.—Mrs. Markham, referring to a French poem by an author whose name she suppresses, states: "He says that ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short; and that when at dinner they should not laugh or talk too loud, nor daub their fingers with their food. He says they may wipe their lips on the tablecloth, but not blow their noses with it."

Large Parties.—Such is now the mania for large parties, or so absorbing the vanity of caste, that, during the flush of the London season, there is no longer a semblance of sociability—nor can even pleasure, in and by itself, be deemed the main object of pursuit; for we verily believe that if all the pleasantest people in town were collected in a room, the men and women of "society" would be restless in it unless they could say they were going to the ball or concert of the night—

"Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of or-molu."

Teaching Conversation.—For conversation, above all things, a host of natural qualifications are requisite,—fancy, memory, impressibility, quickness of perception, clearness of thought, fluency of expression, manner, voice, tact,—and though each of these is improvable by study, not one amongst them can be conferred or created by it. Jekyll and Conversation Sharpe are said to have kept day-books in which, at the most active period of their lives, they made regular entries of the good things they had heard or related during the day; yet we incline to think that the would-be humorist or anecdote-monger who should attempt to rival either of them by journalizing, would find himself exceedingly mistaken in the end. Sheridan, again, according to Mr. Moore, was accustomed sedulously to think over and polish the *bon-mots* which were to electrify the House of Commons or the dinner-table; but no inference can be more unfair or illogical than that his brilliant sallies were

all the result of labour—a sort of firework exhibition prepared beforehand, and let off at the fitting moment for the display. The truth is, most men of genius spend half their time in day-dreaming about the art or subject in which they are interested or excel. The painter is peopling space with the forms that are to breathe on his canvass; the poet is murmuring the words that are to burn along his lines: if you meet a crack parliamentary debater in the street, it is three to one that you catch *I repeat, Mr. Speaker, or I am free to confess, sir, as you pass; and the gay diner-out, the sparkling conversationalist, "the man of wit and pleasure about town,"* has the look of being engaged in colloquies as unreal as the supper of the Barmecide, and no doubt provides himself with rich materials for society by thus exciting his fancy and then following its flow. If he happened to be also a dramatic writer, he would simply be pursuing his vocation by setting down what Tom Paine (who adopted the same practice) used to call his "bolting thoughts" as they arose. It would seem, then, that Mr. Moore has mistaken a trick or habit common to a class, for a peculiarity characteristic of the man; and some authors, improving on his mistake, and misapplying his authority, would fain lead their readers to believe that they may go and do likewise, (i. e. like Sheridan or Jekyll) if they would. It is this doctrine we are most anxious to protest against. There may be no great harm in encouraging young ladies to kiss their hands from balconies, or young gentlemen to eat gooseberry pie with a spoon, and we apprehend little danger from the threatened inroad of silver forks and napkins into regions hitherto unconscious of them; but we deprecate all attempts to extend the breed of village Jekylls, or convert our mute, inglorious Sheridans into talking ones.

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,
VOL. V.

(Concluded from page 375.)

"Old Peveril" at the Parliament-House.

Among its lounging young barristers of those days, Sir Walter Scott, in the intervals of his duty as clerk, often came forth and mingled much in the style of his own coeval *Mountain*. Indeed the pleasure he seemed to take in the society of his professional juniors, was one of the most remarkable, and certainly not the least agreeable features of his character at this period of his consummate honour and celebrity; but I should rather have said, perhaps, of young people generally, male or female, law or lay, gentle or simple. I used to think it was near of kin to another feature in him, his love of a bright

light. It was always, I suspect, against the grain with him, when he did not even wait at his desk with the sun full upon him. However, one morning soon after Peveril came out, one of our most famous wags (now famous for better things), namely, Mr. Patrick Robertson, commonly called by the endearing Scottish diminutive "Peter," observed that tall, conical, white head advancing above the crowd towards the fire-place, where the usual roar of fun was going on among the briefless, and said, "Hush, boys, here comes old Peveril, I see the Peak!" A laugh ensued and the Great Unknown, as he withdrew from the circle after a few minutes' gossip, insisted that I should tell him what our joke upon his advent had been. When enlightened, being by that time half way across "the babbling hall," towards his own *Division*, he looked round with a sly grin, and said, between his teeth, "Ay, ay, my man, as weel Peveril o' the Peak ony day as Peter o' the Painch" (paunch)—which being transmitted to the brethren of the *stooe school*, of course delighted all of them, except their portly Coryphæus. But *Peter's* application stuck; to his dying day, Scott was in the Outer House *Peveril of the Peak or Old Peveril*—and, by and by, like a good cavalier, he took to the designation kindly. He was well aware that his own family and younger friends constantly talked of him under this *sobriquet*. Many a little note have I had from him (and so probably has Peter also), reproving, or perhaps encouraging, Tory mischief, and signed, "Thine, PEVERIL."—Specimens enough will occur by and by—but I may as well transcribe one here, dogged though it be. Calling at my house one forenoon, he had detected me in writing some nonsense for Blackwood's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; and after he went home, finding an apology from some friend who had been expected to dine with a Whiggish party that day in Castle-street, he despatched this billet:—

To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Northumberland Street.

"Irrecoverable sinner,
Work what Whigs you please till dinner,
But be here exact at six,
Smooth as oil with mine to mix.
(Sophy may step up to tea,
Our table has no room for *che*).
Come (your *gem* within your cheek)
And help sweet

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."

Scott's Literary Diligence.

(Sept. 1823.) As this was among the first times that I ever travelled for a few days in company with Scott, I may as well add the surprise with which his literary diligence, when away from home and his books, could not fail to be observed. Wherever we slept, whether in a noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring at night, or before an

early start in the morning, he *very rarely* mounted the carriage again without having a packet of the well known aspect ready sealed, and corded, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh. I used to suspect that he had adopted in his latter years the plan of writing every thing on paper of the quarto form, in place of the folio which he at an earlier period used, chiefly because in this way, whatever he was writing, and wherever he wrote, he might seem to casual observers to be merely engaged upon a common letter; and the rapidity of his execution, taken with the shape of his sheet, has probably deceived hundreds; but when he had finished his two or three letters, St. Roman's Well, or whatever was in hand, had made a chapter in advance.

Improvements at Abbotsford.

The arrangement of his library and museum was, however, the main care of the summer months of this year, (1824); and his woods were now in such a state of progress, that his most usual exercise out of doors was thinning them. He was an expert as well as powerful wielder of the axe, and competed with his ablest subalterns as to the paucity of blows by which a tree could be brought down. The wood rang ever and anon with laughter, while he shared their labours; and if he had taken, as he every now and then did, a whole day with them, they were sure to be invited home to Abbotsford to sup gaily at Tom Purdie's. One of Sir Walter's Transatlantic admirers, by the way, sent him a complete assortment of the tools employed in clearing the Backwoods, and both he and Tom made strenuous efforts to attain some dexterity in using them; but neither succeeded. The American axe, in particular, having a longer shaft than ours, and a much smaller and narrower cutting-piece, was, in Tom's opinion, only fit for paring a *kebbuck* (*i. e.* a cheese of skimmed milk). The old-fashioned large and broad axe was soon resumed; and the belt that bore it had accommodation also for a chissel, a hammer, and a small saw. Among all the numberless portraits, why was there not one representing the "Belted Knight," accoutred with these appurtenances of his forest-craft, jogging over the heather on a breezy morning, with Thomas Purdie at his stirrup, and Maida stalking in advance?

Notwithstanding the numberless letters to Terry about his upholstery, the far greater part of it was manufactured at home. The most of the articles from London were only models for the use of two or three neat-handed carpenters whom he had discovered in the villages near him: and he watched and directed their operations as carefully as a George Bullock could have done, and the results were such as even Bullock might

have admired. The great table in the library, for example, (a most complex and beautiful one,) was done entirely in the room where it now stands, by Joseph Shillinglaw of Darnick—the Sheriff planning and studying every turn as zealously as ever an old lady pondered the developement of an embroidered cushion. The hangings and curtains, too, were chiefly the work of a little hunchbacked tailor, by name *William Goodfellow*—(save at Abbotsford, where he answered to *Robin*)—who occupied a cottage on Scott's farm of the Broomieles—one of the race that creep from homestead to homestead, welcomed wherever they appear by housewife and hand-maiden, the great gossips and newsmen of the parish,—in Scottish nomenclature *cardvoers*. Proudly and earnestly did all these vassals toil in his service; and I think it was one of them that, when some stranger asked a question about his personal demeanour, answered in these simple words—"Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations." Not long after he had completed his work at Abbotsford, little Goodfellow fell sick, and as his cabin was near Chiefswood, I had many opportunities of observing the Sheriff's kind attention to him in his affliction. I can never forget, in particular, the evening on which the poor tailor died. When Scott entered the hovel he found every thing silent, and inferred from the looks of the good woman in attendance that their patient had fallen asleep, and that they feared his sleep was the final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret;—at the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion, that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain, and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice "the Lord bless and reward you," and expired with the effort.

[The volume concludes with Captain Basil Hall's Journal of the Christmas of 1824 spent at Abbotsford; in which occurs the following interesting passage respecting

The Waverley Novels.]

"It becomes a curious question to know when it is that he actually writes these wonderful works which have fixed the attention of the world. Those who live with him, and see him always the idlest man of the company, are at a loss to discover when it is that he finds the means to compose his books. My attention was of course directed this way, and I confess I see no great difficulty about the matter. Even in the country here, where he comes professedly to be idle, I took notice that we never saw him till near ten o'clock in the morning, and, besides this, there were always some odd hours in the day in which he was not to be seen.

"We are apt to wonder at the prodigious quantity which he writes, and to imagine the labour must be commensurate. But, in point of fact, the quantity of mere writing is not very great. It certainly is immense if the quality be taken into view; but if the mere amount of the handwriting be considered it is by no means large. Any clerk in an office would transcribe one of the *Waverley Novels*, from beginning to end in a week or ten days—say a fortnight. It is well known, or at least generally, and I have reason to believe truly admitted, that Sir Walter composes his works just as fast as he can write—that the manual labour is all that it costs him, for his thoughts flow spontaneously. He never corrects the press, or if he does so at all, it is very slightly—and in general his works come before the public just as they are written. Now, such being the case, I really have no difficulty in supposing that a couple of hours every day before breakfast may be quite sufficient for all the MS. of *Waverley Novels* produced in the busiest year since the commencement of the series.

"Since writing the above I have taken the trouble to make a computation, which I think fair to give, whichever way it may be thought to make in the argument.

"In each page of *Kenilworth* there are, upon an average, 864 letters: in each page of this *Journal* 777 letters. Now I find that in ten days I have written 120 pages, which would make about 108 pages of *Kenilworth*; and as there are 320 pages in a volume, it would at my rate of writing this *Journal*, cost about 29½ days for each volume, or say three months for the composition of the whole of that work. No mortal in *Abbotsford-house* ever learned that I kept a *Journal*. I was in company all day and all the evening till a late hour—apparently the least occupied of the party; and I will venture to say not absent from the drawing-room one quarter of the time that the Unknown was. I was always down to breakfast before any one else, and often three quarters of an hour before the Author of *Kenilworth*—always among the very last to go to bed—in short, I would have set the acutest observer at defiance to have discovered when I wrote this *Journal*—and yet it is written, honestly and fairly, day by day. I don't say it has cost me much labour; but it is surely not too much to suppose that its composition has cost me, an unpractised writer, as much study as *Kenilworth* has cost the glorious Unknown. I have not had the motive of £5500 to spur me on for my set of volumes; but if I had had such a bribe, in addition to the feelings of good-will for those at home, for whose sole perusal I write this, and if I had had in view, over and above, the literary glory of contributing to the happiness of two-thirds of the globe, do you think I would not have written ten times as much,

and yet no one should have been able to discover when it was that I had put pen to paper?"

Notes of a Reader.

PICKWICKIANA.—BY BOZ.

The Fat Boy.

THE object that presented itself to the eyes of the astonished clerk was a boy—a wonderfully fat boy—habited as a serving lad, standing upright on the mat, with his eyes closed as if in sleep. He had never seen such a fat boy in or out of a travelling caravan; and this, coupled with the utter calmness and repose of his appearance, so very different from what was reasonably to have been expected of the inflicter of such knocks, smote him with wonder.

"What's the matter?" inquired the clerk.

The extraordinary boy replied not a word, but he nodded once, and seemed, to the clerk's imagination, to snore feebly.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the clerk.

The boy made no sign. He breathed heavily, but in all other respects was motionless.

The clerk repeated the question thrice, and receiving no answer, prepared to shut the door, when the boy suddenly opened his eyes, winked several times, sneezed once, and raised his hand as if to repeat the knocking. Finding the door open, he stared about him with great astonishment, and at length fixed his eyes on Mr. Lowten's face.

"What the devil do you knock in that way for?" inquired the clerk, angrily.

"What way?" said the boy, in a slow, sleepy voice.

"Why, like forty hackney coachmen," replied the clerk.

"Because master said I wasn't to leave off knocking till they opened the door, for fear I should go to sleep," said the boy.

"Well," said the clerk, "what message have you brought?"

"He's down stairs," rejoined the boy.

"Who?"

"Master. He wants to know whether you're at home."

Mr. Lowten bethought himself at this juncture of looking out of the window. Seeing an open carriage with a hearty old gentleman in it, looking up very anxiously, he ventured to beckon him, on which the old gentleman jumped out directly.

"That's your master in the carriage, I suppose?" said Lowten.

The boy nodded.

Mr. Solomon Pell "so busy."

The messenger to the Insolvent Court fortunately found Mr. Solomon Pell in court,

regaling himself, business being rather slack, with a cold collation of an Abernethy biscuit and a saveloy. The message was no sooner whispered in his ear than he thrust them in his pocket among various professional documents, and hurried over the way to the public-house in Portugal-street with such alacrity, that he reached the parlour before the messenger had even emancipated himself from the court.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pell, touching his hat, "my service to you all. I don't say it to flatter you, gentlemen, but there are not five other men in the world that I'd have come out of that court for, to-day."

"So busy, eh?" said Sam Weller.

"Busy!" replied Pell; "I'm completely sewn up, as my friend the late Lord Chancellor many a time used to say to me, gentlemen, when he came out from hearing appeals in the house of Lords. Poor fellow! he was very susceptible of fatigue; he used to feel those appeals uncommonly. I actually thought more than once that he'd have sunk under them, I did indeed."

Here Mr. Pell shook his head, and paused; upon which the elder Mr. Weller, nudging his neighbour, as begging him to mark the attorney's high connexions, asked whether the duties in question produced any permanent ill effects on the constitution of his noble friend.

"I don't think he ever quite recovered them," replied Pell; in fact I'm sure he never did. 'Pell,' he used to say to me many a time, 'how the blazes you can stand the head-work you do, is a mystery to me.'—'Well,' I used to answer, 'I hardly know how I do it, upon my life.'—'Pell,' he'd add, sighing, and looking at me with a little envy—friendly envy, you know, gentlemen, mere friendly envy; I never minded it.—'Pell, you're a wonder; a wonder.' Ah! you'd have liked him very much if you had known him, gentlemen. Bring me three penn'orth of rum, my dear."

Addressing this latter remark to the waitress in a tone of subdued grief, Mr. Pell sighed, looked at his shoes, and the ceiling; and, the rum having by that time arrived, drank it up.

"However," said Pell, drawing a chair up to the table, "a professional man has no right to think of his private friendships, when his legal assistance is wanted."

The Gatherrrr.

Origin of Various Surnames.—The surname of Lovell owes its origin to the following circumstance:—Ascelin, Earl of Yvery, in Normandy, and lord of divers manors in England, who died about 1119, being called for his violent temper, *Lupus*,

or the Wolf, his son, William, also Earl of Yvery, was, in like manner surnamed *Lupellus*, or the little Wolf, "which designation was softened into Lupel, and afterwards to Lovell," now Lovell. The name of Clifford was taken from the ancient seat of the family, Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire; that of Rippon, from Ripon, in Yorkshire; Isham, from the manor of Isham, in Northamptonshire; Dutton, from Dutton, in Cheshire; Gresley, from Gresley, in Derbyshire; Evelyn, from Evelyn, in Shropshire; Ponsonby, from the Lordship of Ponsonby, in Cumberland; Holroyd and Howroyd, formerly de Howrode, from Howroyde, in Yorkshire; Walpole, from Walpole, in Norfolk; Wigan and Wiggins, as there is every reason to believe, from Wigan, in Lancashire; Onslow, from Onslow, anciently Ondeslow, in Shropshire. The surname Boucher, sometimes spelt Bouchier, is corrupted from the distinguished name of Bourchier: that of Scales from Scalers; Benyon, from Ap Enion; Phelps, from Philips; Darcy from De Areci; Ferris, from Ferrers; Rainsford, from Ravensford; Talboys, from *Taille-bois*, which signifies Cutwood. Many names have been taken by persons "from civil honours, dignities, and estate, as King, Prince, Duke, Baron, Lord, Knight, Squire, partly by reason that their ancestors were such, served such, acted such parts, or were Kings of the Bean, Christmas Lords," &c. The surnames of Marquis and Earl were doubtless assumed for similar reasons.—*From a MS. by M. C. de H.—Church of England Gazette.*

Poisoning by Copper Vessels.—The daughter of the Countess of L—, and all her family, residing in Paris, were poisoned a few days ago by partaking of a stew which had been allowed to stand and get cold in a copper saucepan. Notwithstanding that the ablest medical assistance was immediately procured, the lady of the house expired in a few hours in excruciating agony.—*St. James' Chronicle.*

At Smithfield Market, on Monday last, the numbers were 4,017 head of cattle, and 22,200 sheep.—*Times.*

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